

Mr. Thomas Long recently found several specimens of that strange insect known by the long name *BORBUS NIVORUNDUS*. These degenerate members of the dragon fly family were found, as is usually the case in winter, scattered about on the snow.

The Annual Ball at Rockwood is a thing of the past, and the great moral question is, who was the belle? We know quite well, but then there is a difference of opinion in certain circles. The popularity of the event can be estimated when it is stated that 247 invitations were issued, and 235 guests put in an appearance. The ladies from the city were beautiful, but Rockwood maidens were more lovely still. Everything seemed to contribute to the success of the event, and wall flowers were indeed a rare floral decoration. To those who scorned the mazy cotillion, or the enchantment of the waltz, the supper offered substantial compensation, although it is whispered, that in deference to the opinions of the Patrons of Industry, poultry was not to be found on the menu. The question naturally arises, if the Opposition objects to eggs as an article of diet in public institutions, and the Patrons draw the line at turkey, where are the farmers to find a market for their feathered friends and their products. If the guests missed the turkey, they did not refer to it, and all seemed very happy. The supper table was most artistically dressed, and even the salads were called upon to add to the aesthetic effect. During the progress of the Ball, a blizzard from the south west came up, and when the guests started for home, they found knee deep drifts and a wild gale to meet them.

Rockwood Nurses have adopted a uniform of quiet and neat appearance, and every one agrees that the

new uniform would be hard to improve upon; at all events the contrast between the new and the old is so marked that all are happy.

The Curling for the Senior Medal goes on slowly, and the ancient warriors seem to be doing more sparring for an opening than actual fighting. In fact, when such an expert as Mr. Cochrane is asked to play, his invariable answer is, "Not now, but Bye and Bye." Dr. Clarke, Dr. Forster and T. McCammon are numbered among the defeated.

The Nurses of the Kingston General Hospital are attending weekly lectures, given at Rockwood by the Medical Superintendent.

Kingston should take a warm interest in as promising a little maiden as Miss Ethel Armstrong, who has a brilliant career as a violinist before her. It is to be hoped that she will be able to continue her studies at some of the best European Conservatories at an early date.

Mrs. K. S. McLean who has been ill for some time is convelescing.

Mrs. Muirhead, of Toronto, is a guest at Rockwood Hospital.

Gulls and Crows are constant visitors about the Hospital at present, Downy Woodpeckers and Nuthatches are not uncommon, Shirkes are keeping down the Sparrows. That puts us in mind of the fact that English Sparrows have not been as numerous as usual this winter.

The steadiness of the winter has knocked out all of the theories of the oldest residents, as it proves that the "fin de siecle" winter is not to be outdone by any of the good old days. As for the weather prophets, they are in despair, and no matter how often they predict a thaw, it won't materialize.